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Spring.

EARLY waking from my slumber,
At the dawning of the day ;
Heard I Robin Redbreast singing,
For 'twas in the month of May.

And my heart drank in the music,
Coming from the locust-tree,
By the gateway, where its flowers
Early woo the honey-bee.

As I listened in my chamber,
Heard I too the rustling leaves ;
For the morning's gentle breezes
Shook the vine beneath the eaves.

Then I rose and oped the casement,
Putting back the heavy fold
Of the curtain, and the sunrise
Tinged my hair with gleams of gold.

As the rays fell on my forehead,
Lying far across the floor ;
Sparkling looked my climbing rosebush,
Which a dewy vesture wore.

E'en the tiny stream was flashing,
Neath the glory of the rays ;
While all nature joined in concert,
Seemed to speak a Saviour's praise.

Then my heart to God I lifted,
In a hymn of thankfulness ;
For the blessings to us given,
For the hope of future bliss.

Thus, rom' off my spirit, lifted
Every care ; my soul grew strong ;
With glad nature's springtime concert,
Joined my voice in gladsome song.

—Little Sower.

"Though with mortal eyes we see not
Through the heart-chasms and the tears,
And the mysteries and doubtings,
Darkling o'er the waiting years ;
Yet by faith we see the throne-light
Beaming o'er the dark abyss,
And believe the night of sorrow
Soon will lapse in light and bliss."

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XX.



WHEN the hours went by, and
John still continued very fee-
ble, though he was able to
understand that Alf was with
him, he yet seemed unable to
speak much.

The surgeon said that he
must be kept perfectly quiet,
and Alf thought it would be
as well for him to go out and
look at ships awhile by him-
self.

So he said to John,

"You need rest now, and will not be able to go out from here to-day. If you are willing, I will go on the wharves a little while by myself, and see what fortune I can have finding China ships."

"Well," John replied feebly, "but don't be gone very long from me."

"No, I will not be gone long. But I think you will get to sleep soon. Then you will not mind my being away."

"I don't want you away very long."

"If you need me John, I will not go at all. But I thought perhaps it would be best to make use of the time as you seem to be comfortable."

"I do not need you, but shall feel anxious lest something has happened to you, if you are very long away."

"Oh, you mustn't trouble about that, John, it will be all right with me."

"I cannot be sure of that, if you are long gone."

"I feel perfectly safe going out by myself, but

you shall not be troubled. I will come back before very long to satisfy you that I am all right."

"Thank you," John said feebly. For even this little effort at conversation had so wearied him that he could hardly utter these last words.

"Good-bye for just a little while. Keep up good courage and I shall soon be back to you."

"Good bye."

Alf ran away now, all courage, saying to himself, "If I find a ship where we can both have places, John will be so glad when I come back that it will make him well at once."

Then as to his way of trying for the places, he thought, "I shall be better off alone than I was when John was with me, for I am not going to be so very sensitive to everything that happens. I shall take things as they come. If men are good to me, well; if they are bad to me, the worst is their own. I will go right along and not mind their bluntness."

Now came the choice of ships again.

Alf looked along the line of vessels that stretched away as far as his eye could reach, and said to himself,

"I will take them in succession, and ask my question at every one. It can do no harm to know where they are going."

So he began with the ship nearest him and walked bravely up to it.

Sailors were hopping about busily. As he came near them, he said:

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where this ship is bound?"

"Que me demandez-vous?" said the man nearest him.

Now Alf could not understand these words, and he repeated his question.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where this ship is going to?"

The sailor looked at him with a puzzled air, watched his lips as he uttered each word, as if he could get with his eyes what his ears failed of getting. But at the end of Alf's sentence, he repeated again,

"Que me demandez vous?"

It seemed a very comical situation to Alf. It was the first time in his life that he had heard any language but his own. He could not believe but that there was some way in which he and the sailor could come to understand each other.

He resolved to make his question more simple, so he said again.

"Where do you go?"

"De qui parlez-vous?" said the sailor in reply.

Now the two were no nearer understanding each other than when they began.

Alf was growing more and more amused, but did not dare to smile. He saw that he was not likely to get any information of this man, and thought it would be his best way to leave him at once, so touching his hat, he said,

"Thank you sir, good day;" and the sailor seemed to understand this word, for he too touched his cap and said, "Bonjour monsieur," as Alf ran away to another wharf.

If all the vessels were like this, I shouldn't get on very fast with my enquiries, he thought as he ran on.

The next wharf that he came to was a long one and had several small vessels lying along its sides.

He went to the first one and put his question.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where this vessel is going?"

"You must be a jolly fool not to see that she aint goin' anywhar, but is jest layin right still at this wharf."

Alf laughed at this droll reply, and said,

"But will you tell me, please, where she will be going when she moves away from here?"

"Ah, that is another question. Well, let's see. I should think when she pulls up from here and moves on that she'll be goin' to the next place."

Alf was more amused than ever; and not a bit vexed by the sailor's funny ways.

"But will you tell me," he said, "where that next place is?"

"Oh yes, I hadn't thought of that. Why let's see," said he scratching his head as if he were trying hard to think.

"Let me see. Why the next place will he—will be—let's see—oh, yes, it will be the place she goes to after she leaves here."

"Yes, but what place is that? You haven't told me yet," said Alf.

"What! I haven't told you yet? Yes I have, you goosey."

"Well, what did you tell me?"

"I told you that when she left here she was goin' to the next place."

"But where is that next place? You haven't told me that."

"Why havn't I? Well, let's see. Oh, yes, I have it now. The next place is where this ship is going when she leaves here."

Alf didn't laugh this time, but looking as serious as he could, said,

"You think I am joking, sir, but indeed I am not. I am seriously in earnest in asking these questions."

"Ah, yes," said the sailor. "Well, I am willing to be serious if that's what you want."

"Then will you answer a civil question in a civil way, and tell me where this ship is going?"

"I answered that question when you first asked it. I told you what I tell you again, that she aint going anywhere, but is jest a layin at the wharf as still as any mouse in her hole."

Alf saw that it was no use for him to say anything more to this man.

All the sailors standing round were laughing at his perplexity, and he could not help feeling a little vexed, for he had done nothing to provoke this man to treat him in such an aggravating way.

But, he reasoned with himself, my showing anger would but increase the merriment of these men. I will not let them see that I feel vexed, but will just bid them a civil good day and walk away about my business.

This resolution he carried out and was right glad when he was out of reach of the sound of their laughter.

His next thought was of John. He had been gone from him nearly an hour, and remembering the promise that he had made to go back soon to him, he thought he would run back and see how he was getting on.

It did not take him as long to get back to the hospital as it had taken him to get away from it, for he made no stops by the way this time.

Right by the wharf he ran, where he had had the curious experience with the Frenchman, and he never once looked toward it.

He thought with pleasure that John would enjoy hearing all these funny incidents when he was able to listen to his recital of them.

When he arrived at the hospital, he went softly up to the door of the room where John was lying. As he gently lifted the latch and stepped in, the nurse who was sitting by the bed lifted her finger to him as a caution to be quiet.

"He sleeps," she whispered, "and must not be awakened."

Alf asked her if he had been sleeping long.

"Only a few moments," she replied, "but I think he will have a long sweet sleep now if he is not disturbed."

"Then I will go out again, and you shall tell him if he wakes that I will not be long away."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

The Sheep, Cat and Hen.

A NURSERY SONG.

*A*s I walked over the hill one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so eweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet;
With eyes so bright,
And wool so white,

O, he is my darling, my heart's delight."
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three?
I heard her whispering soft; said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe—she
May love her babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair,

I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon and night;
Now I'll take up my kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine!
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these,
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.

And there let them sleep in their feathered so warm,

While my little chick lies here on my arm.

SMOKING. It is not one of the pleasing signs of the times, that this practice has become in use among boys who have scarcely passed beyond their school days; and so numerous are instances in which small boys may be seen without any seeming shame smoking pipes in the street, that it is difficult to resist the inclination to administer a seasonable correction. The use of the tobacco pipe before the bodily functions have been developed, stops and dwarfs the growth. It leads to idleness, and in many instances is a sort of connecting link with dishonesty and drink.



For the Myrtle.

"I Live at Father's House."

LOW sauntering down the dusky street
As twilight fell around,
A little child we chanced to meet
Sobbing with mournful sound.

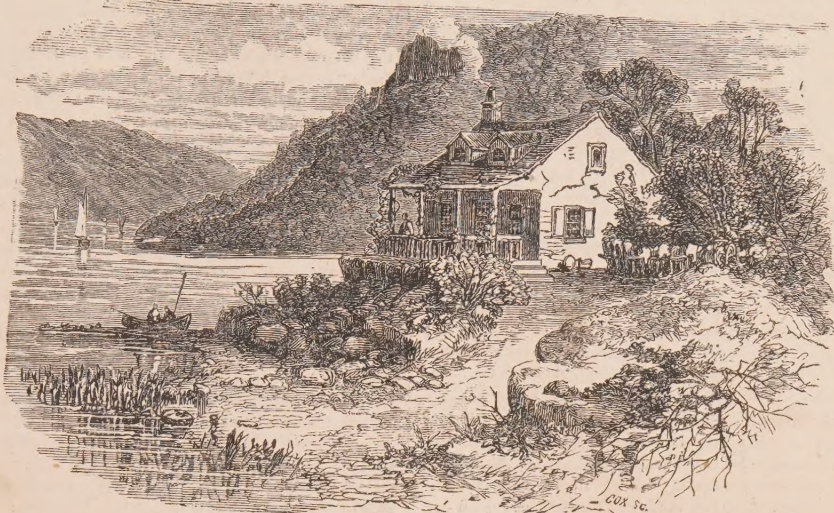
"Poor little thing," we softly said,
"Dear child, what ails thee, then?"
She raised the little drooping head
Then burst in tears again.

"I—guess—I'm—lost," she faltering cried,
"I—don't know—where to go."
"I guess you *were*," we quick replied,
"But now you're found, you know."

Just tell us where you live, my pet,
And we will take you home,
Perhaps they haven't missed you yet,
So tell us quick, and come."

Her tears were dried in glad surprise,
The little bright-eyed mouse!
She looked up, wondering, in our eyes,
"I live at father's house."

'Twas all she told, all she could tell, —
We stood perplexed with doubt,
When o'er her face the sunshine fell,
She raised a joyful shout;



For down the street the other came,
His roving child to find,
We passed on in a happy frame
With one new thought in mind, —
Life has one solace sweet to give —
However far we roam,
Still in our Father's house we live,
We cannot lose our home !

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Beauty of Summer.

THE summer is here again !” Ah, what happiness is in the words. What thought of green leaves and blue skies and sunshine, singing birds and sparkling waters. One of the charms of the spring is that we have the whole summer in the bud. It is all unfolding, and we know that the season will grow lovelier day by day.

Now how we envy our friends in the country, who have only the still beauty of nature around them. In the cold stormy winter, we confess we pity them a little, and like our busy, crowded city life better. But when the air grows mild and the brooks are loosed from their fetters of ice, and we know how beautiful the world is looking outside the city walls, then we long to be out of them and in the midst of the glad, free life of nature.

But we can send a word of greeting to all our little friends thus blest, and tell them how our heart and sympathy is with them. We love to think of our little paper going out into the pretty villages, and into the cottages by the lakeside, and on the far prairies, and brightening little eyes, we hope, wherever it goes. Our heart is

with you all, little readers, and we hope to be with some of you bodily, for a few days, by and by. Ah, there are so many lovely places that throng in upon memory that we could hardly tell where most we would like to go if our own choice decided the matter. The green mountains and picturesque streams and still lakes of Vermont vie with the deep forests of Maine and the smiling fields of Central New York, and the garden-like lakeside of northern Ohio, and the undulating, harvest-waving prairies of Wisconsin—and still farther away the fertile uplands of Minnesota wave their beckoning hands. Ah, this is such a beautiful country of ours ! Who can think of all its summer glory from sea to sea, and not bless God for all his bounty and goodness to us ; bless him that we were born in this free and rich and happy land, that he has made our earthly homes so fair, and more than all that, he has revealed to us in our beautiful faith that this world with all its loveliness is but the shadow of fether things to come,—of a land where everlasting summer reigns and we shall live with him in its beauty and peace and joy forever.

H. A. B.

YANG-CHIN, celebrated in one of the Chinese odes on virtue, had a friend who brought him a bribe, saying : “ It is now evening ; take it and no one will know it.” Yang-Chin replied : — “ Heaven and earth know, and you and I know it ; how can you say no one will know it ? ” And with this he refused the offer.



More of the Children's Meeting.

When we promised, last week, to give what the speakers said at the children's meeting, we expected to have their words in full, or nearly so. But our expectations were too rose-colored, it seems. We will fulfil the promise, however, as far as the material allows us. This is what is reported from Dr. Emerson:

"Rev. G. H. Emerson was introduced as the Prodigal Son 'who had for five years been wandering in New York,' and had 'at last come home to his father's house in Boston!' In coming forward, the returned 'wanderer' said—having an eye to the disclosures of corruption so ripe in the metropolitan city—that one who had wandered five years where Tweed and Connolly reigned, must have been a 'prodigal.' He said the nature of the occasion told him he must select a subject that will please the young people present. He was to speak to the children, and care very little for the men and women who were compelled to hear. Now what subject so fresh, so odd, so captivating to little children, as that of Human Rights. So he would begin at once to unfold the inspiring theme.

First, then, this is an age of Rights. There was never anything like it. Years ago, the slave had all the rights—that is, a claim to them; and when he got his liberty, some of us thought that the whole question of human rights had had its day. But on the contrary, since the slave question was got through with, we have a continuous shower of rights. There is Woman's Rights—a whole lot of them—her right to preach; her right to work; her right to wages; her right to doctor; her right to vote; and so on. Then come the Rights of the laboring class—not ministers, nor doctors, nor teachers; of course these never do any work. But men of the awl, and the hammer, and the forge—these have the rights now. We think them very queer. A right to ten hours pay for eight hours work; and if it don't come, they have a 'right' to strike. In this city, the horse-shoers took a notion that they had a right to strike; and the speaker did not know but the horses they shod would catch the contagion and assume that they have a right to 'kick.'

Now a few years ago, a distinguished English author wrote a book on the 'Rights of Children.' This was a new idea. When the speaker was a boy, children had but one right—that was, 'to be seen, but not heard.' He would not try to tell all there is in the book, but it could not be a book if it did not contain more than that one right.

About fourteen years ago, his friend J. D. W. Joy—the author of the organization under whose auspices the present meeting was held, and who by enforced absence could not be present on this day of its 'majority,' its twenty-first anniversary—made the discovery of another of Children's Rights: their right to a good slice of Anniversary Week, and hence this Children's Meeting—planned by him. Among the rights of the occasion are an exemption from sermons, and the best entertainment the speakers could give."

Of Rev. Mr. Ellis' excellent speech we have nothing but the barest skeleton, only the naked bones of the Hand he clothed so beautifully in flesh and blood. We are the more sorry for this, since it is pronounced by good authority to have been "the speech

of the week," and we can testify to the absorbed attention of the children—what a funny sight it was, those hundreds of little ones each looking curiously at his hand, "the text of the sermon which they all had"—tracing the lines in it to see how it was wisely made "to shut in crinkles and not all in a squish"—measuring their noses by the distance from the end of the thumb to that of the forefinger and the length of their faces by the length of the hand—listening to the many applications of the text, as for instance about the close-fisted man, which was illustrated by the funny story of the turtle who had a grip that did not let go when his head was cut off, until his Irish tormentor said "he had been dead three days and wasn't sensible of it yit"—it was indeed a speech to brighten children's eyes and make them come in strong on the applause. But this is all the report says—the speaker making the excuse that it was an off-hand talk and quite unreportable: "He based his remarks upon the Hand, as a sort of text or starting-point. He said a few words of the curious structure of the hand, and spoke of it as the symbol of character, as a 'close-fist,' an 'open hand,' a delicate, unused, and expensive hand. He remarked upon the relation of the hand to beauty, as indicated by the term handsome. In conclusion, he submitted some counsels, in the form of common proverbs and scripture texts for the right use of the hand."

As Rev. Mr. Philbrook's remarks were mostly written, we are able to give what he said nearly in full, as follows:

"You are little *items*, but you somehow make long columns. Indeed, you are such costly luxuries that I don't wonder at some very nice people calling you 'troublesome comforts.' Why, it is *cost* from the shoes on your feet up to the hat with gay ribbons and waving plumes which cover your heads. It is cost from the commonest dress to the *un*-common Dolly Varden.

And then the heaps of toys it takes to keep you amused, all the way from the baby rattle and whistle, up to marbles, kites, croquet-sets and guns! With slate and pencil some of you can easily add up the *items*, and see what each little boy and girl costs, (doubtless appearing *dol*-orous to some, *sens*-ible to others, and *dear* to all,) and then multiply the sum by two or ten, just as Providence may have blessed your parents, and you will be amazed at the result. You will begin to think you are of some *account* in the financial world, as, indeed, you are.

But your greatest cost cannot be estimated in this manner. As yet, you can know but little of this,—I mean to say, the cost to which I have referred, is as nothing compared with the *anxiety* which you cause. You cost years of thoughtful care, days and nights of watching, fatigue and mental suffering all through the sicknesses which come to you in childhood. And when you have been nursed through all these bodily ills,—from whooping-cough to measles,—then comes the greatest cost of all in the labor and pious care to keep you from moral ill. And, although it is a pleasant, yet sometimes a difficult task to give you proper parental advice and suitable Sunday School instruction,—and though it gives pastor and parents and teachers joy to see you growing up into goodness, it does cost an immense amount of pain and heart-ache to see you disposed to slip away from the right course, or to fall into evil habits.

Now, do you want to know how you can pay back to parents and teachers for all this cost in money, time and care? The answer is a short one. It may be given in two words:—**CHEERFUL OBEDIENCE.**

In the ten minutes given me to talk to you this afternoon, I can't even name all the good precepts you ought cheerfully to obey, or point out all the evils you ought to shun, and so I content myself by saying a few words on *cheerfulness*.

You all know what this word means. You know the cheerful man whenever you meet him. He always has a pleasant look and kind words for you. When he says, 'Good morning, Charley,' 'Good morning, Mary,' he says 'good' and 'morning' in such sweet, cheery tones as to make you *feel* that the morning is really a good one.

And so you know the sad, disconsolate or surly man just as soon as you see him. If he condescends to notice you at all, he grunts or groans out a 'good morning' in a way which makes you feel that it is a bad, gloomy morning, even though the sun shines brightly. I know you are pleased when spoken to by the cheerful man or woman, and oh, how miserable you are when obliged to talk with a melancholy person. When I come in contact with such, I feel as if I had been ducked in ice-water, or exposed to the small-pox or yellow fever.

Now, it may be hard for some of you always to appear cheerful—it is certainly harder for some than for others—but it is really worth one's while to make the attempt, and to succeed in it, too. I claim that cheerfulness can not only be cultivated by all, but that it is also one of the choicest fruits that ever grew on a perfect Christian tree. It makes us healthy. It promotes charity. It sends sunshine into the darkest and most troubled heart, through the blackest clouds. It sweetens much of the bitterness of life.

'Johnny, what is it that makes you so sweet?' a mother asked one day, of her darling little child, as she pressed him to her heart. 'I dess when Dad made me out of dust, he put thugar in me,' was the little fellow's answer. Now, whenever I see children cheerful and joyous, I think a big lump of sweetness has gone into their natures. And if, unfortunately, any of them are cross and surly, or whining grumblers, then I am inclined to think that something like the contents of the vinegar cruet or pepper-sauce bottle has been substituted for the sweetness.

Little Jennie must have been not only a bright, but a cheerful girl, as well, or I doubt whether she would ever made the remark reported of her. As she was eating her dinner, on a bright summer's day, the cheerful, golden rays of the sun fell upon her spoon. When she had put the spoon to her mouth, she exclaimed, 'O mamma! I've swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine.'

I have known some children who usually appeared so cheerful and lovely that I could easily be made to believe that they had swallowed sunshine by the mugfuls; and then I have seen others (not very often, though, I am glad to say,) who acted and looked as they might be supposed to act and look had they swallowed a small thunder storm or a good-sized tornado. Their faces appeared as if the fires of a volcano raged within their souls.

Only a few hours since, as I sat looking out of the window, wondering what I could say to interest and instruct you this afternoon, I saw just such a child. She seemed to be trying to get a younger sister home. The little thing didn't want to go, but instead of coaxing her with kind and cheerful words, she pounded and dragged and scolded her till my eyes and heart ached at the sight. And oh, the look which she put on her otherwise handsome face! You may be sure it was anything but kind, cheerful and happy. How I wished she could have swallowed a few rays of the sunshine, which seemed to make little Jennie so delighted and cheerful! She may have been vexed and annoyed, but what of that? It was her duty to be kind and cheerful in spite of these.

Now, you will often be annoyed in similar, as well as in a variety of other ways,—for you children *do* have trials and troubles. You will be annoyed at play, you will be vexed at some of your tasks. All sorts of difficulties will beset you, but don't forget that you are expected to pay a part, at least, of that great bill of costs in labor, care and anxiety spent on your behalf. And you do as much in this direction by showing a cheerful disposition through all vexations. You *can* do this if you *will* to do it. And this is one of the convictions I hope you will carry home from this happy meeting. Always be good-natured. If provoked or teased, be cheerful. If in trouble, be cheerful. You don't mend matters by being sad or sulky. And if you want always to enjoy life, and be young, even when you have lived many long years, and your hair gets rusty or gray, your step becomes tottering and short, your voice trembling, and your sight dim, be cheerful all

through the journey of life. Thus you may keep your spirits ever fresh, youthful and vigorous, and you may have length of days in this world, so full of sunshine and flowers.

We are told in one of the old classic fables, that Jason wanted Medea, whose magic arts had been so astonishing, to take some years from *his* life, and give them to his then aged father. She consented to add years to the father's life, but refused to shorten his. To do this, she first sacrificed to all the gods. Then she wrought the mighty enchantment. She filled her great caldron, or kettle, with magic herbs, with heads of crows and owls, with the entrails of a wolf, and the remnants of other things tenacious of life. Then she cut the throat of the old man, whose name was *Æson*, and who was laid beside her on a bed of herbs, and poured into his mouth and into his wounds the juices of her caldron. When he had swallowed them, his beard and hair laid off their whiteness and resumed the color of youth. The signs of decay were all gone. His veins were full of blood, his limbs, of vigor and strength. *Æson* is amazed at the change, and remembers that such as he now is, he *was* forty years before.

Now, *cheerfulness* has even a mightier power than this fabled enchantress is said to have possessed to renew the age and prolong the life. It makes us always young, and then it makes everybody, on every occasion, glad to see and glad to greet us."

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—A Universalist Sunday School has been lately organized in La Grange.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—A gentleman of one of the Orthodox churches in Lawrence, Mass., is reported to have said recently, "The best Sunday School in Lawrence, Mass., is that of Rev. G. S. Weaver." He added: "And in it there is the finest class of young men that I have ever seen in any Sunday School. I should not be surprised if that class of young men was without its equal in New England. A great many young men come to Lawrence to engage in manufacturing, and Mr. Weaver has a way that young people like. As for that, however, everybody likes Mr. Weaver. When Mr. Weaver sees a young man, a stranger in Lawrence, after talking with him a little while, he says, 'Come up to our church and come in to our Sunday School. We should be glad to see you there, and you would like to get acquainted with our young people.'"

NEW YORK.

—A new number of *The Missionary Box* for June, has just been issued at the office of the United States Convention in New York city. It is a lively little sheet, and ought to be read in all our Sunday Schools and homes. How are our Missionary Boxes getting filled up? We ought to keep them at work.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—There was a very pleasant Sunday School Anniversary Meeting held in the Lombard St. Universalist Church in Philadelphia, May 20th. Friendly letters were read in the meeting from ministers of other denominations.

OHIO.

—A new Sunday School has been organized at Ridgville.

INDIANA.

—We have made mention heretofore of the pleasant Sunday School in Dayton. We have the best confirmation of it in a letter from one of the pupils, Salina Devoss, who says in a little note, "We have a very pleasant Sabbath School; and the scholars all like the MYRTLE very much." Two things that ought to go together,—and two things we are certainly very glad to hear.



Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCI

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

"Daughter of Zion, lo! the King cometh."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxi. 1-17; Mark xi. 1-11; Luke xix. 28-44; John x. 55-57, xii. 1-11.

Question.—After Jesus had spoken the parable of the fearful servant, to what place did he go?

Answer.—Luke xix. 28.

Q.—To what feast did he go up?

A.—John xi, 55.

Q.—Were the people expecting him?

A.—John xi. 56.

Q.—What order had the Pharisees issued?

A.—John xi. 57.

Q.—What order did Jesus give to two of his disciples as he came near Bethany?

A.—Mark xi. 2.

Q.—Did the owner grant to Jesus the use of the colt?

A.—Mark xi. 3.

Q.—What use did Jesus make of the colt?

A.—Mark xi. 7.

Q.—What did the people do as he rode towards Jerusalem?

A.—Mark xi. 8.

Q.—What the shout before him?

A.—Mark xi. 9.

NOTE. Hosanna signifies, "save, I beseech thee."

Q.—As they went down the Mt. of Olives towards Jerusalem, what did the multitude shout and praise God for?

A.—Luke xix. 37.

Q.—What did the Pharisees request Christ to do?

A.—Luke xix. 39.

Q.—What did Jesus tell them would shout if his disciples should keep silent?

A.—Luke xix. 40.



Enigma No. 1.

My first is a noted city,

Though small, yet is far from the least
My second, a town sought by Jesus,
When threatened by the angry priest.

My third was the place the apostle,
By his enemies, for trial was brought;
My fourth, a city of Ionia,
Where the shrines for Diana were wrought.

My fifth was the chief seat of learning
Of Greece in the days of her glory;
My sixth was preached to by Jonah,
As we read in the old, old story.

The church in the city of my seventh
Had the name of living but was dead;
My whole were a noble people,
For they earnestly the scriptures read.

Enigma No. 2.

My first, though crushed to earth shall rise again;
My second came to earth and dwelt with men;
My third, a land where Israel was enslaved;
My fourth great danger for her people braved.

My fifth and sixth are trees of Palestine,
Oft named by writers in the Book Divine;
Once, from my seventh, Paul wrote to Timothy;
My eighth, a land to which he went by sea.

My ninth, a Roman Governor by whom
Paul once was tried and then was sent to Rome;
My tenth shall have no end, no sun or night;
Blessed are they that to my whole have right.

Answers.

JUNE 8. No. 1, Hosea Ballou. No. 2, Truth.

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